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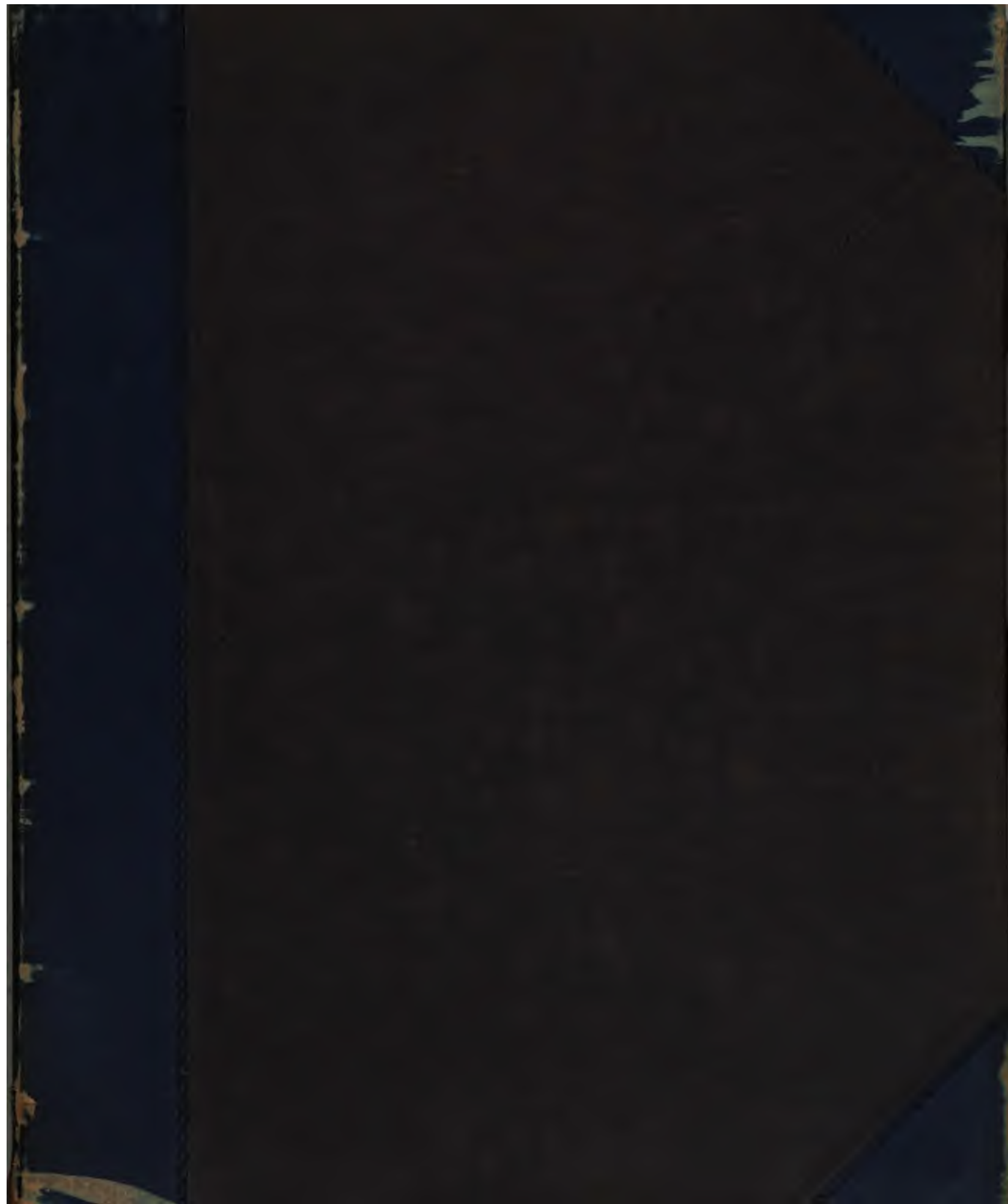
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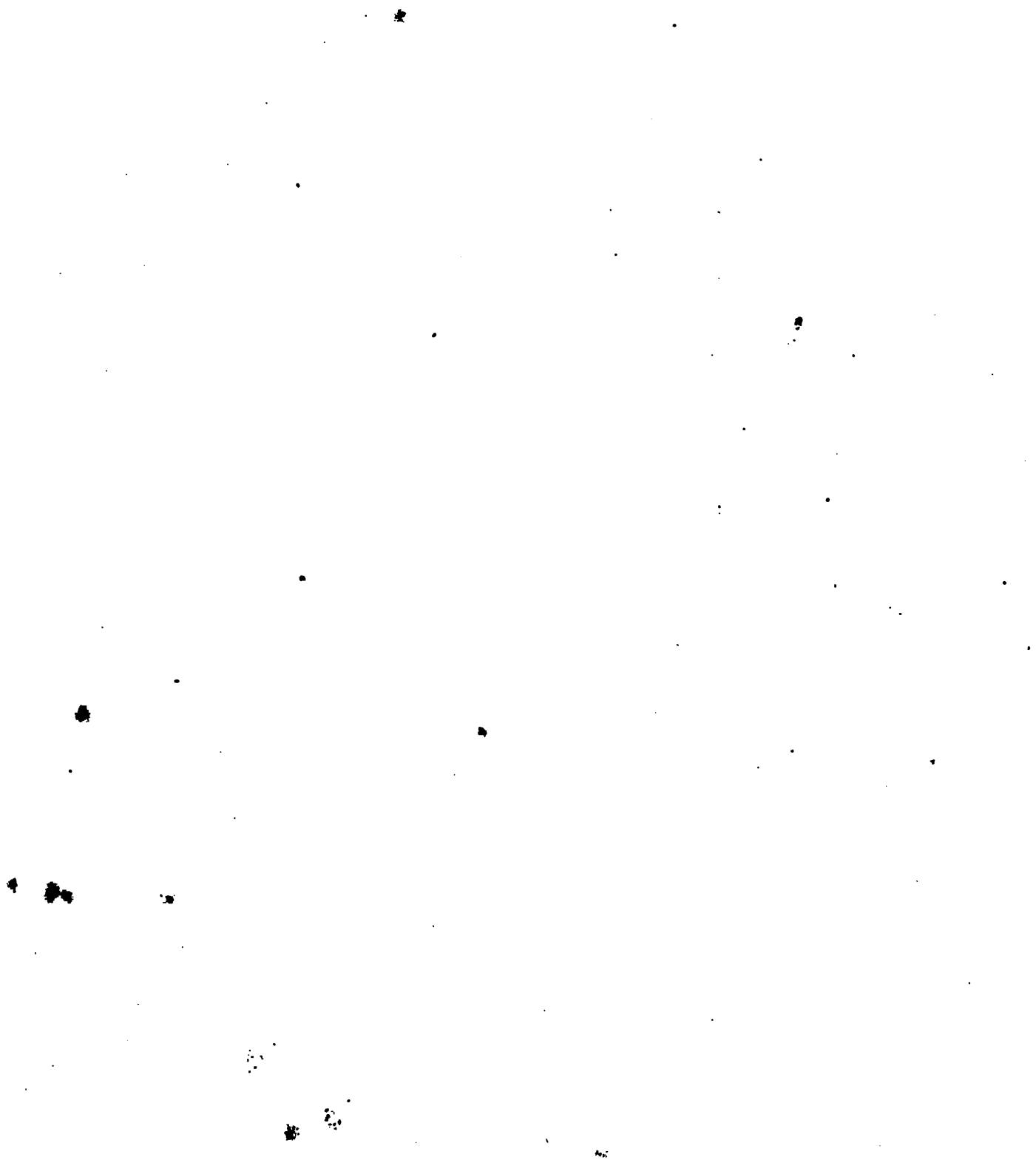
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A N  
O D E  
ON THE  
P E A C E.



*Young Lady*  
BY THE AUTHOR OF EDWIN AND ELTRUDA



L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.  
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A N

O D E, &amp;c.

**A**S wand'ring late on ALBION's shore  
 That chains the rude tempestuous deep,  
 I heard the hollow surges roar  
 Whose tears her rocky bosom sleep ;  
 Loud on the storm's wild pinion flow  
 The fullen sounds of mingled woe,  
 And softly vibrate on the trembling Lyre,  
 That wakes to sorrow's moan each sad responsive wire.

A 2

From

From Shores the wide Atlantic laves  
The Spirit of the Ocean bears,  
In moanings o'er his western waves,  
Fond Passion's shrieks, and Nature's tears ;  
Enchanting climes of young delight,  
How chang'd since first ye rush'd in fight !  
Since first ye rose, in infant glories drest,  
Fresh from the sparkling wave, and rear'd your ample breast.

His crested Serpents Discord bears  
O'er scenes Affection's roses grac'd.  
Her flowery Chain he frantic tears,  
And scatters o'er the howling waste.  
His glance her soothing smile deforms,  
His voice awakes the mental storms,  
His blazing torches spread their sanguine fires,  
While Passion's trembling flame in seas of blood expires.

Now

Now burns the savage soul of War,  
While Terror flashes from his eyes,  
Lo! waving o'er his fiery car  
Aloft his bloody banner flies.  
The battle wakes : with shrilling sound  
He thunders o'er the groaning ground,  
He grasps his reeking blade, while streams of blood  
Tinge the impurpled plain, and swell the ample flood.

Hark ! softer sounds of sorrow flow :  
On drooping wing the murm'ring gales  
Now pour the plaints of hopeless woe  
That rise along the lonely vales :  
They waft the tender Orphan's cries,  
They tremble to parental sighs,  
And drink a tear these mingled griefs above,  
The wild impassion'd tear of fond Connubial Love ;

The



The Object of her shiv'ring fear  
 Lies bleeding, panting on the ground,  
 She frantic pours her gushing tear  
 That bathes the fatal gaping wound :  
 The blood-stain'd hand she trembling grasps,  
 Hangs on the quiv'ring lip, and clasps  
 The fainting Form that slowly sinks in death,  
 And meets the parting glance, and sucks the fleeting breath.

Pale as the livid Corse her cheeks,  
 Her tresses torn, her glances wild,  
 In frantic tones she fault'ring speaks,  
 She wept—and then in horrors smil'd—  
 She gazes now with wild affright,  
 Lo ! bleeding Phantoms rush in fight—  
 Hark ! on yon mangled form she faintly calls,  
 Then on the flinty earth the Mourner senseless falls.

And lo ! o'er hapless ANDRÉ's tomb  
Mild victim of his soft despair !  
Whose soul in Life's exulting bloom  
Deem'd not that Life deserv'd a care,  
O'er the cold earth his relicks prest  
Lo ! BRITAIN's drooping Legions rest ;  
For him the blades they sternly grasp, appear  
Dim'd with a rising sigh, and sullied with a tear.

While SEWARD sweeps her plaintive strings,  
While pensive round his sable shrine  
A radiant zone she graceful flings,  
Where full emblaz'd his virtues shine,  
The mournful Loves that tremble nigh  
Shall catch her warm, melodious sigh,  
And drink the precious thrilling drops that flow  
From Pity's hov'ring soul, that pants dissolv'd in woe.

And

And hark ! in ALBION's flow'ry Vale  
A Parent's moans I shiv'ring hear—  
A Sister calls the western Gale  
To drink her soul-expressive tear !  
The throbbing sigh for ASGILL flows  
That breathes Affection's mingled woes,  
While on the rack of Doubt, and Terror, rest  
The dearest fondest ties that tremble at her breast.

How oft' in every dawning grace  
That blossom'd in his early hours,  
Her soul, some comfort lov'd to trace,  
And deck'd Futurity in flowers !  
But lo ! in shudd'ring Fancy's sight  
The dear illusions sink in night—  
She views the murder'd form—the quiv'ring breath—  
The rising Virtues chill'd in the cold shade of death—

Cease,

Cease, cease, ye throbs of frantic woe !  
He lives parental love to blefs,  
To wake the pure extatic glow  
The thrill of transport's sweet excess —  
Again his smile shall life endear,  
And Pleasure pour her brightest tear !  
The private pang shall ALBION trembling share,  
And breathe with fervid zeal, a warm accepted prayer.

And lo ! a lucid stream of light  
Descends o'er Horror's sable cloud,  
While Desolation's gloomy night  
Retiring, folds her fallen shroud —  
It flashes o'er the limpid deep —  
It rests on BRITAIN's rocky steep —  
'Tis mild benignant Peace, enchanting form !  
That gilds the black Abyss, that lulls the raging Storm.

So, thro' the dark and misty Sky,  
Where clouds and sullen vapours roll'd,  
Their curling wreathes dissolving fly  
As the faint hues of light unfold :  
The Sky with spreading azure streams —  
The Sun now darts his orient beams —  
And now he glows insufferably bright,  
And sheds o'er Nature's form the rays of living light.

Mild Peace ! from ALBION's fairest Bowers,  
Soft Spirit ! cull with snowy hands,  
The buds that drink the morning showers,  
And bind the Realms in flow'ry bands.  
Thy smiles th'inferiate Passions chase,  
Thy glance is Pleasure's sportive grace,  
Around thy form th'exulting Virtues move,  
Thy voice the thrilling strain of mild melodious Love.

Bless

## ON THE PEACE.

11

Bless, all ye Powers ! the patriot name  
That courts, fair Peace, thy smiling stay ;  
Ah gild with Glory's light his Fame,  
His Life with Pleasure's roscate ray !  
While, like th' affrighted Dove, thy form  
Still shrinks, and fears some latent storm,  
His cares shall soothe thy panting soul to rest,  
And spread thy flowery couch on ALBION's fost'ring breast.

Ah ! see tumultuous transports move  
The faithful heart, with Passion warm ;  
With frantic joy Connubial Love  
Clasps to her soul the well-known form,  
That long, in all her throbbing veins,  
Wak'd fond Affection's cherish'd pains —  
She weeps — the gushing drops her joys endear,  
'Tis glowing Rapture speaks, expressive in a tear.

Ye who have mourn'd the parting hour,  
 Which Love in darker horrors drew,  
 When ardent Passion fear'd to pour,  
 With quiv'ring lip, her last adieu,  
 When the fix'd glance, the bursting sigh,  
 The soul that trembled in the eye,  
 Express'd the frantic fears of hopeless Love —  
 Ah ! paint the swelling joys your panting bosoms prove.

Yon hoary form with aspect mild,  
 Deserted knees, by sorrows prest,  
 And seeks from heav'n his long-lost child  
 To smoothe the path that leads to rest ! —  
 He comes — to close the sinking eye,  
 To catch the faint expiring sigh ;  
 A moment transport stays the fleeting breath  
 And sooths the ling'ring soul on the pale verge of death.

The

The milder Passions dear controul,  
The purer Pleasures vivid bloom,  
That bathe in bliss th' exulting soul,  
Soft Peace ! are couch'd beneath thy Plume :  
It floats in Rapture's glowing ray,  
O'er wilder'd Life's low, thorny way,  
And wakes the softest balms, the fairest flowers,  
That shed their odours mild in sweet Affection's Bowers.

Tho' the red Trophies Vict'ry twines  
Now drooping fade in Stygian glooms,  
Yet hung around thy simple Shrines,  
Fair Peace, each milder Glory blooms.  
Lo ! Commerce rears her languid head  
Triumphal, Thames ! from thy deep bed,  
High o'er the subject wave she sails sublime,  
To bless with ALBION's wealth, each less indulgent Clime.

She



She fearless prints the Polar snows  
Where Horror shrouds the struggling day,  
Along the burning Line she glows,  
Nor shrinks beneath the Torrid ray :  
She opes the glitt'ring Indian mine  
Where the warm beams reflected shine ;  
Bears the bright Gems to BRITAIN's temp'rate Vale,  
And breathes Sabean sweets o'er the chill Northern Gale.

• While from the far-divided Shore  
Where Liberty exulting roves,  
Her ardent glance shall oft' explore  
The Parent-Isle her spirit loves —  
◦ Lo ! rushing o'er the western main,  
She spreads fair Concord's golden chain,  
And sternly pours on prostrate GALLIA's strand,  
From ALBION's pendent Cliff, her firm united Band.

Yet hide the Sabre's horrid glare  
That steeps its edge in streams of blood,  
The Lance that quivers high in air,  
And falling drinks a purple flood ;  
For, BRITAIN ! fears shall seize thy foes  
While freedom in thy senate glows,  
While Peace shall scatter o'er thy cultur'd plain  
Each Glory, Pleasure, Grace, her fair attendant train.

Enchanting Visions soothe my fight —  
The finer Arts in Beauty drest,  
Benignant source of pure delight !  
Reclining on her bosom rest.  
While each discordant sound expires,  
Strike, Harmony ! thy warbling wires,  
The fine vibrations of the spirit move,  
Wake Extasy's pure thrill, and touch the springs of Love.

Bright

Bright Painting's living forms shall rise,  
 And still for UGOLINO's \* woe  
 Shall REYNOLDS wake unbidden fighs,  
 And ROMNEY's soothing Pencil flow,  
 That Nature's † look benign pourtrays,  
 When, to her infant SHAKSPEARE's gaze,  
 The smiling form " unveil'd her awful face,"  
 And bade his " colours clear" each glowing feature trace.

And Poesy ! thy deep-ton'd shell  
 The heart shall sooth, the spirit fire,  
 And all th' according passions swell  
 While rapture trembles on thy lyre ;  
 Awake its sweetly-thrilling sound,  
 And call enchanting Visions round,  
 Strew the soft path of Peace with Fancy's flowers,  
 And lead the glowing heart to Joy's Elyfian bowers.

\* "UGOLINO's woe"—a celebrated picture by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, taken from DANTÈ.

† "Nature's look benign pourtrays"—a subject Mr. ROMNEY has taken from GRAY's Progress of Poesy.

While

ON THE PEACE.

17

While HAYLEY wakes thy magic strings,  
His shades shall no rude sound prophane,  
But stillness on her tender wings,  
Enamour'd drink the potent strain.  
Tho' Genius flash the vivid flame  
Around his Lyre's enchanting frame,  
Where Fancy's warbled tones melodious roll,  
More warm his friendship glows, more harmoniz'd his soul!

While Taste instructs a polish'd age  
With luxury of mind to trace  
The lustre of th' unerring page,  
Where Symmetry sheds finish'd grace;  
Judgment shall point to Fancy's gaze,  
As wild the sportive wand'rer strays,  
Perfection's fairest form, where mimic Art  
With Nature softly blends, and leads the subject heart.

Th' historic Muse illumes the maze  
 Oblivion veil'd in deep'ning night,  
 Where empire with meridian blaze  
 Once trod Ambition's lofty height :  
 Tho' headlong from the dizzy steep  
 It rolls with wide, and wasteful sweep,  
 Her tablet still records the deeds of Fame,  
 And swells the Patriot's soul, and wakes the Hero's flame.

While meek Philosophy explores  
 Creation's vast stupendous round,  
 With piercing gaze sublime she soars,  
 And bursts the system's distant bound.  
 Lo ! 'mid the dark deep void of space,  
 A rushing World \* her glance can trace !  
 It moves majestic in its ample sphere,  
 Sheds its refracted light, and rolls its ling'ring year.

\* Alluding to Mr. HERSCHEL's wonderful discoveries ; and particularly to his discovery of a new planet, called the " Georgium Sidus."

Ah ! still diffuse thy mental ray,  
 Fair Science ! on my ALBION'S plain,  
 While oft' thy step delights to stray  
 Where MONTAGU has rear'd her Fane ;  
 Where Eloquence shall still entwine  
 Rich attic flowers around the shrine,  
 View hallow'd Learning ope his treasured store,  
 And with her sig-net stamp the mass of classic ore.

Auspicious Peace ! for thine the hours  
 Meek Wisdom decks in moral grace,  
 And thine each tenderness that pours  
 Enchantment o'er their destin'd space.  
 Benignant form ! in silence laid  
 Beneath the olive's filken shade,  
 Shed each mild bliss that charms the tuneful mind,  
 And in the zone of love the hostile spirit bind.

While ALBION on her parent deep  
Shall rest, may glory gild her shore,  
And blossom on her rocky steep  
Till Time shall wing his course no more;  
Till angels wrap the spheres in fire,  
Till Earth and yon fair Orbs expire,  
While Chaos mounting in the rushing flame,  
Shall spread his cold deep shade o'er Nature's sinking frame.

F I N I S.











